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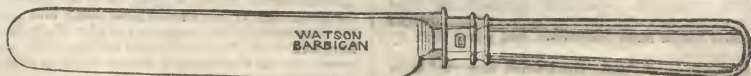
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SILVER SUPERSEDED, and those corrosive and injurious metals, Nickel and German Silver, supplanted by the introduction of a new, perfectly matchless ALBATA PLATE. C. Watson, aided by a person of Skill in the amalgamation of Metals, has succeeded in bringing to Public Notice the most beautiful Article ever yet offered; possessing all the richness of Silver appearance—with all its durability and hardness—with its perfect sweet use—undergoing as it does, a Chemical Process, by which, all that is nauseous mixed Metals is entirely extracted—resisting all Acids—may be cleaned as and is Manufactured into every Article for the Table and Sideboard.

C. Watson begs the Public will understand that this Metal is peculiarly bright and that Silver is not more different from Gold, than his Metal is from all other Metals. The Public will therefore have no difficulty in discovering the animus which directs the virulent attacks made against him, by a party who is daily suffering from the unparalleled success which has marked the progress of his New Metal.

Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle.	Threaded	Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle.	Threaded
Table Spoons.....	16 6 doz.	1 1 0 doz.	1 10 0 doz.	Egg Spoons .....	7 0 doz.	15 0 Gilt	24 0 G
„ Forks.....	16 6 „	1 1 0 „	1 10 0 „	Gravy „ .....	3 6 ea.	4 6 ea.	7 6 ea.
Dessert Spoons.....	12 6 „	10 6 „	1 5 0 „	Sauce Ladles.....	1 9 „	2 3 „	3 9 „
„ Forks ...	5 6 „	6 6 „	1 5 0 „	Soup „ .....	6 6 „	8 0 „	11 0 „
Tea Spoons .....	5 6 „	8 0 „	13 6 „	Sugar Tongs.....	1 3 „	1 9 „	3 0 „
Salt Ditto .....	6 0 „	12 0 Gilt	13 0 gilt,	Fish Knives .....	5 6 „	8 6 „	12 6 „
Mustard Ditto ...	6 0 „	12 0 Gilt	13 6 „	Skewers .....	4d. in.		6d.



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## HUMAN LIFE.

At present the popular opinion is, that the natural duration of life is 70 years; but this is contrary to both sacred and profane history. This opinion is, no doubt, founded on a misunderstanding of a passage of the 90th Psalm, where it is indeed stated, that "the days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if, by reason of strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow." Now, it must be remembered, that this Psalm is ascribed to Moses, and that he is not speaking of the lives of men in general, but of what was occurring among the Israelites in the wilderness. They died not a natural death, but were cut off for their sin and unbelief, by judicial dispensations.

The clever Dr. Farre maintains, that 120 is the last grant of God to man, and quotes the sixth chapter of Genesis, and the third verse, where it is written, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh; yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." Now, we find this expressed intention on the part of God gradually carried into effect—the principle of vitality appearing to become weaker until the close of the era in which the postdiluvian patriarchs flourished: when, although several centuries had elapsed since the deluge, we find that 120 years was about the average of human existence. Supposing, then, that this theory of long life is well sustained, the question naturally is suggested, How are we to attain what is so desirable? A wise general, on the eve of battle, makes a proper disposition of his forces beforehand, and does not wait till the enemy has made an attack, and thus, by forethought and due preparation, reasonably expects a victory;—thus, he who has a desire to attain a healthy, and consequently, happy old age, does not indolently wait for the attack of the enemy, which is sickness, but is constantly on his guard against his insidious approaches, by paying proper attention to the state of his health. Many would fain occasionally use medicine to assist Nature in her operations; but, like a mariner at sea without his compass, knowing not where to steer, they first try this, and then that, and meet with nothing but disappointment; to those, how welcome must be the important fact, that PARR'S MEDICINE is all that is required: the fine tonic properties it contains invariably restores the stomach to a healthy longing for food; or, in other words, it produces a good appetite, so much envied, but so seldom enjoyed by the invalid; the gentle stimulating powers it possesses, assists the stomach to properly digest the food it receives; the balsamic powers it bestows on the system, produces that delightful feeling of good spirits so very desirable, and disposes both mind and body to healthy exercise; everything under its influence soon wears a joyous aspect, and the varied duties of life are performed with pleasure. It, in addition, contains a fine sedative quality, and, instead of long and weary nights, gives sound and refreshing sleep. If the stomach and bowels require it, it acts as the mildest and most agreeable purgative, and by its cleansing powers, totally eradicates a redundancy of bile, and completely removes all obstructions of the intestinal canal. To have produced a medicine so benign and mild in its operation and effects, and yet so effectual in searching out and curing disease of however long standing, exhibits, on the part of Old Parr, deep research and a thorough knowledge of his subject. Those who have been the instruments of restoring this long-lost secret to the world, feel confident when they make the assertion—that none need despair,—that if only a fair trial be given, the result will be a restoration to health and happiness.

"Thus shall their humble labours merit praise,  
And future Parrs be blest with honour'd days."

The Life of Old Parr, containing an account of the discovery of his valuable Medicine, may be had gratis of all Agents. IMPORTANT CAUTION.—In order to protect the public from imitations, the Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have ordered "Parr's Life Pills" to be engraven on the Government Stamp attached to each box, without which none are genuine.

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By the mode adopted at this Office the prudent man is enabled, by the payment of a moderate Premium, to secure a certain provision to his family in the event of his death, even should that take place immediately after the Assurance has been effected. For EXAMPLE—A person aged 30, may, with this Society, assure his life for £500, by the annual payment of £11 3s. 4d., which, in a Society where the Bonus is held out as a main inducement, would cost him £12 7s. 1d.; or, in other words, for the same annual premium he could at this Office assure very nearly £600, whereby he derives at once a Bonus of £100.

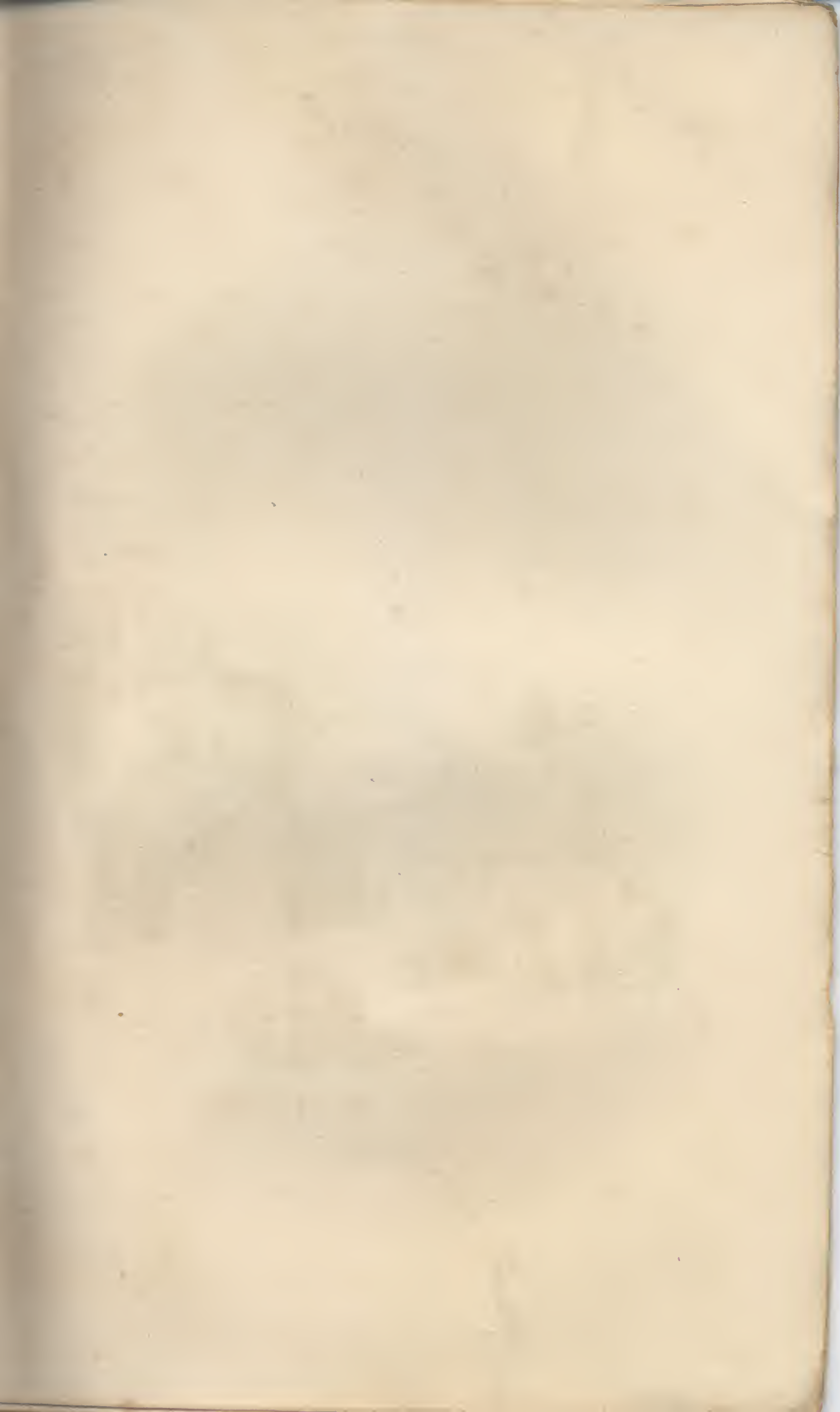
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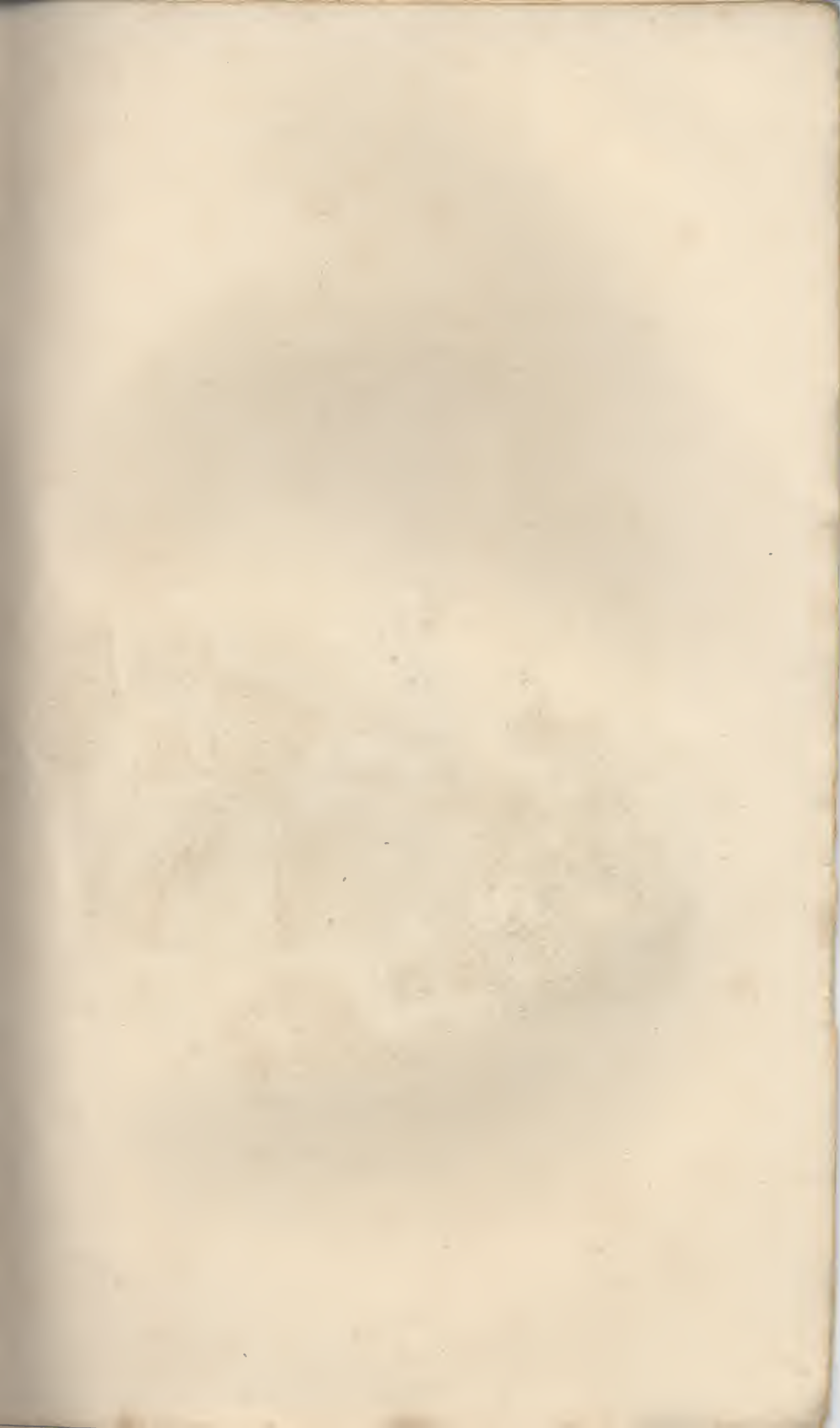
The Proprietors of the above Establishment beg leave to call the attention of Ladies to the great utility and benefit it is found to present from the peculiar character of the undertaking. It has ever been a source of inconvenience and regret, when mourning attire has been required, that purchasers have, at a time of such depression, and when so many duties claim consideration, been compelled to the painful necessity of proceeding from shop to shop in search of various articles of dress. This evil is completely obviated by the opening of the London General Mourning Warehouse, where every description of MOURNING DRESSES, Millinery, Cardinal Capes, Mantles, &c., of the best quality, can be bought on the most reasonable terms, and where every article necessary for a complete outfit of Mourning may be had, and made up, if required, by first-rate artists, with the strictest attention to taste and elegance, on the shortest notice.—W. C. JAY and Co., the London General Mourning Warehouse, Nos. 247 and 249, Regent-street.







*Mr. Tapley succeeds in finding a "jolly" subject for contemplation.*







*Mr. Jefferson Brooks proposes an appropriate sentiment.*

## CHAPTER XVI.

MARTIN DISEMBARKS FROM THAT NOBLE AND FAST-SAILING LINE OF PACKET SHIP, THE SCREW, AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. HE MAKES SOME ACQUAINTANCES, AND DINES AT A BOARDING-HOUSE. THE PARTICULARS OF THOSE TRANSACTIONS.

SOME trifling excitement prevailed upon the very brink and margin of the land of liberty; for an alderman had been elected the day before; and Party Feeling naturally running rather high on such an exciting occasion, the friends of the disappointed candidate had found it necessary to assert the great principles of Purity of Election and Freedom of Opinion by breaking a few legs and arms, and furthermore pursuing one obnoxious gentleman through the streets with the design of slitting his nose. These good-humoured little outbursts of the popular fancy were not in themselves sufficiently remarkable to create any great stir, after the lapse of a whole night; but they found fresh life and notoriety in the breath of the news-boys, who not only proclaimed them with shrill yells in all the highways and byeways of the town, upon the wharves and among the shipping, but on the deck and down in the cabins of the steam-boat; which, before she touched the shore, was boarded and overrun by a legion of those young citizens.

"Here's this morning's New York Sewer!" cried one. "Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Plunderer! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the New York Rowdy Journal! Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the patriotic loco-foco movement yesterday, in which the whigs was so chawed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas dool with Bowie knives; and all the Political, Commercial, and Fashionable News. Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!"

"Here's the Sewer!" cried another. "Here's the New York Sewer! Here's some of the twelfth thousand of to-day's Sewer, with the best accounts of the markets, and all the shipping news, and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the Ball at Mrs. White's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled, with the Sewer's own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there! Here's the Sewer! Here's some of the twelfth thousand of the New York Sewer! Here's the Sewer's exposure of the Wall Street Gang, and the Sewer's exposure of the Washington Gang, and the Sewer's exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own nurse. Here's the Sewer! Here's the New York Sewer, in its twelfth thousand, with a whole



column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed! Here's the Sewer's article upon the Judge that tried him, day afore yesterday, for libel, and the Sewer's tribute to the independent Jury that didn't convict him, and the Sewer's account of what they might have expected if they had! Here's the Sewer, here's the Sewer! Here's the wide-awake Sewer; always on the look-out; the leading Journal of the United States, now in its twelfth thousand, and still a printing off:—Here's the New York Sewer!"

"It is in such enlightened means," said a voice, almost in Martin's ear, "that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

Martin turned involuntarily, and saw, standing close at his side, a sallow gentleman, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken at the first glance for either. Indeed it would have been difficult on a much closer acquaintance, to describe it in any more satisfactory terms than as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and conceit. This gentleman wore a rather broad-brimmed hat for the greater wisdom of his appearance; and had his arms folded for the greater impressiveness of his attitude. He was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue surtout reaching nearly to his ancles, short loose trousers of the same colour, and a faded buff waistcoat, through which a discoloured shirt-frill struggled to force itself into notice, as asserting an equality of civil rights with the other portions of his dress, and maintaining a declaration of Independence on its own account. His feet, which were of unusually large proportions, were leisurely crossed before him as he half leaned against, half sat upon, the steam-boat's side; and his thick cane, shod with a mighty ferrule at one end and armed with a great metal knob at the other, depended from a line-and-tassel on his wrist. Thus attired, and thus composed into an aspect of great profundity, the gentleman twitched up the right-hand corner of his mouth and his right eye, simultaneously, and said, once more:

"It is in such enlightened means, that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

As he looked at Martin, and nobody else was by, Martin inclined his head, and said:

"You allude to—"

"To the Palladium of rational Liberty at home, sir, and the dread of Foreign oppression abroad," returned the gentleman, as he pointed with his cane to an uncommonly dirty news-boy with one eye. "To the Envy of the world, sir, and the leaders of Human Civilisation. Let me ask you, sir," he added, bringing the ferrule of his stick heavily upon the deck with the air of a man who must not be equivocated with, "how do you like my Country?"

"I am hardly prepared to answer that question yet," said Martin, "seeing that I have not been ashore."

"Well, I should expect you were not prepared, sir," said the gentleman, "to behold such signs of National Prosperity as those?"

He pointed to the vessels lying at the wharves; and then gave a vague

flourish with his stick, as if he would include the air and water, generally, in this remark.

"Really," said Martin, "I don't know. Yes. I think I was."

The gentleman glanced at him with a knowing look, and said he liked his policy. It was natural, he said, and it pleased him as a philosopher to observe the prejudices of human nature.

"You have brought, I see, sir," he said, turning round towards Martin, and resting his chin on the top of his stick, "the usual amount of misery and poverty, and ignorance and crime, to be located in the bosom of the Great Republic. Well, sir! let 'em come on in ship-loads from the old country: when vessels are about to founder, the rats are said to leave 'em. There is considerable of truth, I find, in that remark."

"The old ship will keep afloat a year or two longer yet, perhaps," said Martin with a smile, partly occasioned by what the gentleman said, and partly by his manner of saying it, which was odd enough, for he emphasized all the small words and syllables in his discourse, and left the others to take care of themselves: as if he thought the larger parts of speech could be trusted alone, but the little ones required to be constantly looked after.

"Hope is said by the poet, sir," observed the gentleman, "to be the nurse of Young Desire."

Martin signified that he had heard of the cardinal virtue in question serving occasionally in that domestic capacity.

"She will not rear her infant in the present instance, sir, you'll find," observed the gentleman.

"Time will show," said Martin.

The gentleman nodded his head, gravely; and said "What is your name, sir?"

Martin told him.

"How old are you, sir?"

Martin told him.

"What's your profession, sir?"

Martin told him that, also.

"What is your destination, sir?" inquired the gentleman.

"Really," said Martin, laughing, "I can't satisfy you in that particular, for I don't know it myself."

"Yes?" said the gentleman.

"No," said Martin.

The gentleman adjusted his cane under his left arm, and took a more deliberate and complete survey of Martin than he had yet had leisure to make. When he had completed his inspection, he put out his right hand, shook Martin's hand, and said:

"My name is Colonel Diver, sir. I am the Editor of the New York Rowdy Journal."

Martin received the communication with that degree of respect which an announcement so distinguished appeared to demand.

"The New York Rowdy Journal, sir," resumed the colonel, "is, as I expect you know, the organ of our aristocracy in this city."

"Oh! there is an aristocracy here, then?" said Martin. "Of what is it composed?"



"Of intelligence, sir," replied the colonel; "of intelligence and virtue. And of their necessary consequence in this republic—dollars, sir."

Martin was very glad to hear this, feeling well assured that if intelligence and virtue led, as a matter of course, to the acquisition of dollars, he would speedily become a great capitalist. He was about to express the gratification such news afforded him, when he was interrupted by the captain of the ship, who came up at the moment to shake hands with the colonel; and who, seeing a well-dressed stranger on the deck (for Martin had thrown aside his cloak), shook hands with him also. This was an unspeakable relief to Martin, who, in spite of the acknowledged supremacy of Intelligence and Virtue in that happy country, would have been deeply mortified to appear before Colonel Diver in the poor character of a steerage passenger.

"Well, cap'en!" said the colonel.

"Well, colonel!" cried the captain. "You're looking most uncommon bright, sir. I can hardly realise its being you, and that's a fact."

"A good passage, cap'en?" inquired the colonel, taking him aside.

"Well now! It was a pretty spanking run, sir," said, or rather sung, the captain, who was a genuine New Englander: "con-siderin the weather."

"Yes?" said the colonel.

"Well! It was, sir," said the captain. "I've just now sent a boy up to your office with the passenger-list, colonel."

"You haven't got another boy to spare, p'raps, cap'en?" said the colonel, in a tone almost amounting to severity.

"I guess there air a dozen if you want 'em, colonel," said the captain.

"One moderate big 'un could convey a dozen of champagne, perhaps" observed the colonel, musing, "to my office. You said a spanking run, I think?"

"Well! so I did," was the reply.

"It's very nigh you know," observed the colonel. "I'm glad it was a spanking run, cap'en. Don't mind about quarts if you're short of 'em. The boy can as well bring four-and-twenty pints, and travel twice as once.—A first-rate spanker, cap'en, was it? Yes?"

"A most e—tarnal spanker," said the skipper.

"I admire at your good fortune, cap'en. You might loan me a cork-screw at the same time, and half-a-dozen glasses if you liked. However had the elements combine against my country's noble packet-ship the Screw, sir," said the colonel, turning to Martin, and drawing a flourish on the surface of the deck with his cane, "her passage either way, is almost certain to eventuate a spanker!"

The captain, who had the Sewer below at that moment lunching expensively in one cabin, while the amiable Stabber was drinking himself into a state of blind madness in another, took a cordial leave of his friend and captain the colonel, and hurried away to despatch the champagne: well-knowing (as it afterwards appeared) that if he failed to conciliate the editor of the Rowdy Journal, that potentate would denounce him and his ship in large capitals before he was a day older; and would probably assault the memory of his mother also, who had not been dead more than twenty years. The colonel being again left

alone with Martin, checked him as he was moving away, and offered, in consideration of his being an Englishman, to show him the town and to introduce him, if such were his desire, to a genteel boarding-house. But before they entered on these proceedings (he said), he would beseech the honor of his company at the office of the Rowdy Journal, to partake of a bottle of champagne of his own importation.

All this was so extremely kind and hospitable, that Martin, though it was quite early in the morning, readily acquiesced. So, instructing Mark, who was deeply engaged with his friend and her three children,—when he had done assisting them, and had cleared the baggage, to wait for further orders at the Rowdy Journal Office,—he accompanied his new friend on shore.

They made their way as they best could through the melancholy crowd of emigrants upon the wharf—who, grouped about their beds and boxes with the bare ground below them and the bare sky above, might have fallen from another planet, for anything they knew of the country—and walked for some short distance along a busy street, bounded on one side by the quays and shipping; and on the other by a long row of staring red-brick storehouses and offices, ornamented with more black boards and white letters, and more white boards and black letters, than Martin had ever seen before, in fifty times the space. Presently they turned up a narrow street, and presently into other narrow streets, until at last they stopped before a house whereon was painted in great characters, “ROWDY JOURNAL.”

The colonel, who had walked the whole way with one hand in his breast, his head occasionally wagging from side to side, and his hat thrown back upon his ears—like a man who was oppressed to inconvenience by a sense of his own greatness—led the way up a dark and dirty flight of stairs into a room of similar character, all littered and bestrewn with odds and ends of newspapers and other crumpled fragments, both in proof and manuscript. Behind a mangy old writing-table in this apartment, sat a figure with the stump of a pen in its mouth and a great pair of scissors in its right hand, clipping and slicing at a file of Rowdy Journals; and it was such a laughable figure that Martin had some difficulty in preserving his gravity, though conscious of the close observation of Colonel Diver.

The individual who sat clipping and slicing as aforesaid at the Rowdy Journals, was a small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously. He wore his shirt-collar turned down over a black ribbon, and his lank hair—a fragile crop—was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow, that none of the Poetry of his aspect might be lost, but had here and there been grubbed up by the roots; which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply. He had that order of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation “snub,” and it was very much turned up at the end, as with a lofty scorn. Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman, were tokens of a sandy down—so very, very smooth



and scant, that though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread, than the fair promise of a moustache ; and this conjecture, his apparently tender age went far to strengthen. He was intent upon his work ; and every time he snapped the great pair of scissors, he made a corresponding motion with his jaws, which gave him a very terrible appearance.

Martin was not long in determining within himself that this must be Colonel Diver's son ; the hope of the family, and future mainspring of the Rowdy Journal. Indeed he had begun to say that he presumed this was the colonel's little boy, and that it was very pleasant to see him playing at Editor in all the guilelessness of childhood ; when the colonel proudly interposed, and said :

"My War Correspondent, sir—Mr. Jefferson Brick !"

Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement, and the consciousness of the irretrievable mistake he had nearly made.

Mr. Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon the stranger, and shook hands with him with an air of patronage designed to reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened, for he (Brick) wouldn't hurt him.

"You have heard of Jefferson Brick I see, sir," quoth the colonel, with a smile. "England has heard of Jefferson Brick. Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?"

"Five weeks ago," said Martin.

"Five weeks ago," repeated the colonel, thoughtfully ; as he took his seat upon the table, and swung his legs. "Now let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the court of Saint James's?"

"Upon my word," said Martin, "I—"

"I have reason to know, sir," interrupted the colonel, "that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow—"

"—At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us, its sanguinary gore," said Mr. Brick, putting on a little blue cloth cap with a glazed front, and quoting his last article.

"The libation of freedom, Brick"—hinted the colonel.

"—Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said 'blood,' he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap, as if *they* said blood too, and were quite of his opinion.

This done they both looked at Martin, pausing for a reply.

"Upon my life," said Martin, who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness, "I can't give you any satisfactory information about it; for the truth is that I—"

"Stop !" cried the colonel, glancing sternly at his war correspondent, and giving his head one shake after every sentence. "That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never read Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never saw the Rowdy Journal, sir. That you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Europe—Yes?"

"That's what I was about to observe, certainly," said Martin.

"Keep cool, Jefferson," said the colonel gravely. "Don't bust! oh you Europeans! Arter that, let's have a glass of wine!" So saying, he got down from the table, and produced from a basket outside the door, a bottle of champagne, and three glasses.

"Mr. Jefferson Brick, sir," said the colonel, filling Martin's glass and his own, and pushing the bottle to that gentleman, "will give us a sentiment."

"Well sir!" cried the war correspondent, "since you have concluded to call upon me, I will respond. I will give you, sir, The Rowdy Journal and its bretheren; the well of Truth, whose waters are black from being composed of printers' ink, but are quite clear enough for my country to behold the shadow of her Destiny reflected in."

"Hear, hear!" cried the colonel, with great complacency. "There are flowery components, sir, in the language of my friend?"

"Very much so, indeed," said Martin.

"There is to-day's Rowdy, sir," observed the colonel, handing him a paper. "You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilisation and moral purity."

The colonel was by this time seated on the table again. Mr. Brick also took up a position on that same piece of furniture; and they fell to drinking pretty hard. They often looked at Martin as he read the paper, and then at each other; and when he laid it down, which was not until they had finished a second bottle, the colonel asked him what he thought of it.

"Why, it's horribly personal," said Martin.

The colonel seemed much flattered by this remark; and said he hoped it was.

"We are independent here, sir," said Mr. Jefferson Brick. "We do as we like."

"If I may judge from this specimen," returned Martin, "there must be a few thousands here rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don't like."

"Well! They yield to the mighty mind of the Popular Instructor, sir," said the colonel. "They rile up, sometimes; but in general we have a hold upon our citizens both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as—"

"As nigger slavery itself," suggested Mr. Brick.

"En—tirely so," remarked the colonel.

"Pray," said Martin, after some hesitation, "may I venture to ask, with reference to a case I observe in this paper of yours, whether the Popular Instructor often deals in—I am at a loss to express it without giving you offence—in forgery? In forged letters, for instance," he pursued, for the colonel was perfectly calm and quite at his ease, "solemnly purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?"

"Well, sir!" replied the colonel. "It does, now and then."

"And the popular instructed—what do they do?" asked Martin.

"Buy 'em:" said the colonel.

Mr. Jefferson Brick expectorated and laughed; the former copiously, the latter approvingly.



"Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands," resumed the colonel. "We are a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness."

"Is smartness American for forgery?" asked Martin.

"Well!" said the colonel, "I expect it's American for a good many things that you call by other names. But you can't help yourselves in Europe. We can."

"And do, sometimes," thought Martin. "You help yourselves with very little ceremony, too!"

"At all events, whatever name we choose to employ," said the colonel, stooping down to roll the third empty bottle into a corner after the other two, "I suppose the art of forgery was not invented here, sir?"

"I suppose not," replied Martin.

"Nor any other kind of smartness, I reckon?"

"Invented! No, I presume not."

"Well!" said the colonel; "then we got it all from the old country, and the old country's to blame for it, and not the new 'un. There's an end of *that*. Now if Mr. Jefferson Brick and you will be so good as clear, I'll come out last, and lock the door."

Rightly interpreting this as the signal for their departure, Martin walked down stairs after the war correspondent, who preceded him with great majesty. The colonel following, they left the Rowdy Journal Office and walked forth into the streets: Martin feeling doubtful whether he ought to kick the colonel for having presumed to speak to him, or whether it came within the bounds of possibility that he and his establishment could be among the boasted usages of that regenerated land.

It was clear that Colonel Diver, in the security of his strong position, and in his perfect understanding of the public sentiment, cared very little what Martin or anybody else thought about him. His high-spiced wares were made to sell, and they sold; and his thousands of readers could as rationally charge their delight in filth upon him, as a glutton can shift upon his cook the responsibility of his beastly excess. Nothing would have delighted the colonel more than to be told that no such man as he could walk in high success the streets of any other country in the world: for that would only have been a logical assurance to him of the correct adaptation of his labours to the prevailing taste, and of his being strictly and peculiarly a national feature of America.

They walked a mile or more along a handsome street which the colonel said was called Broadway, and which Mr. Jefferson Brick said "whipped the universe." Turning, at length, into one of the numerous streets which branched from this main thoroughfare, they stopped before a rather mean-looking house with jalousie blinds to every window; a flight of steps before the green street-door; a shining white ornament on the rails on either side like a petrified pine-apple, polished; a little oblong plate of the same material over the knocker, whereon the name of "Pawkins" was engraved; and four accidental pigs looking down the area.

The colonel knocked at this house with the air of a man who lived there; and an Irish girl popped her head out of one of the top win-

dows to see who it was. Pending her journey down stairs, the pigs were joined by two or three friends from the next street, in company with whom they lay down sociably in the gutter.

"Is the major in-doors?" inquired the colonel, as he entered.

"Is it the master, sir?" returned the girl, with a hesitation which seemed to imply that they were rather flush of majors in that establishment.

"The master!" said Colonel Diver, stopping short and looking round at his war correspondent.

"Oh! The depressing institutions of that British empire, colonel!" said Jefferson Brick. "Master!"

"What's the matter with the word?" asked Martin.

"I should hope it was never heard in our country, sir: that's all," said Jefferson Brick: "except when it is used by some degraded Help, as new to the blessings of our form of government, as this Help is. There are no masters here."

"All 'owners,' are they?" said Martin.

Mr. Jefferson Brick followed in the Rowdy Journal's footsteps without returning any answer. Martin took the same course, thinking as he went, that perhaps the free and independent citizens, who in their moral elevation, owned the colonel for their master, might render better homage to the goddess, Liberty, in nightly dreams upon the oven of a Russian Serf.

The colonel led the way into a room at the back of the house upon the ground-floor, light, and of fair dimensions, but exquisitely uncomfortable: having nothing in it but the four cold white walls and ceiling, a mean carpet, a dreary waste of dining-table reaching from end to end, and a bewildering collection of cane-bottomed chairs. In the further region of this banqueting-hall was a stove, garnished on either side with a great brass spittoon, and shaped in itself like three little iron barrels set up on end in a fender, and joined together on the principle of the Siamese Twins. Before it, swinging himself in a rocking-chair, lounged a large gentleman with his hat on, who amused himself by spitting alternately into the spittoon on the right hand the stove, and the spittoon on the left, and then working his way back again in the same order. A negro lad in a soiled white jacket was busily engaged in placing on the table two long rows of knives and forks, relieved at intervals by jugs of water; and as he travelled down one side of this festive board, he straightened with his dirty hands the dirtier cloth, which was all askew, and had not been removed since breakfast. The atmosphere of this room was rendered intensely hot and stifling by the stove; but being further flavoured by a sickly gush of soup from the kitchen, and by such remote suggestions of tobacco as lingered within the brazen receptacles already mentioned, it became, to a stranger's senses, almost insupportable.

The gentleman in the rocking-chair having his back towards them, and being much engaged in his intellectual pastime, was not aware of their approach until the colonel walking up to the stove, contributed his mite towards the support of the left-hand spittoon, just as the major—



for it was the major—bore down upon it. Major Pawkins then reserved his fire, and looking upward, said, with a peculiar air of quiet weariness, like a man who had been up all night—an air which Martin had already observed both in the colonel and Mr. Jefferson Brick—

“Well, colonel!”

“Here is a gentleman from England, major,” the colonel replied, “who has concluded to locate himself here if the amount of compensation suits him.”

“I am glad to see you, sir,” observed the major, shaking hands with Martin, and not moving a muscle of his face. “You are pretty bright, I hope?”

“Never better,” said Martin.

“You are never likely to be,” returned the major. “You will see the sun shine *here*.”

“I think I remember to have seen it shine at home, sometimes,” said Martin, smiling.

“I think not,” replied the major. He said so with a stoical indifference certainly, but still in a tone of firmness which admitted of no further dispute on that point. When he had thus settled the question, he put his hat a little on one side for the greater convenience of scratching his head, and saluted Mr. Jefferson Brick with a lazy nod.

Major Pawkins (a gentleman of Pennsylvanian origin) was distinguished by a very large skull, and a great mass of yellow forehead; in deference to which commodities, it was currently held in bar-rooms and other such places of resort, that the major was a man of huge sagacity. He was further to be known by a heavy eye and a dull slow manner; and for being a man of that kind who—mentally speaking—requires a deal of room to turn himself in. But in trading on his stock of wisdom, he invariably proceeded on the principle of putting all the goods he had (and more) into his window; and that went a great way with his constituency of admirers. It went a great way, perhaps, with Mr. Jefferson Brick, who took occasion to whisper in Martin's ear:

“One of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!”

It must not be supposed, however, that the perpetual exhibition in the market-place of all his stock in trade for sale or hire, was the major's sole claim to a very large share of sympathy and support. He was a great politician; and the one article of his creed, in reference to all public obligations involving the good faith and integrity of his country, was, “run a moist pen slick through everything, and start fresh.” This made him a patriot. In commercial affairs he was a bold speculator. In plainer words he had a most distinguished genius for swindling, and could start a bank, or negotiate a loan, or form a land-jobbing company (entailing ruin, pestilence, and death, on hundreds of families), with any gifted creature in the Union. This made him an admirable man of business. He could hang about a bar-room, discussing the affairs of the nation, for twelve hours together; and in that time could hold forth with more intolerable dulness, chew more tobacco, smoke more tobacco, drink more rum-toddy, mint-julep, gin-sling, and cocktail, than any private gentleman of his acquaintance. This made him an

orator and a man of the people. In a word, the major was a rising character, and a popular character, and was in a fair way to be sent by the popular party to the State House of New York, if not in the end to Washington itself. But as a man's private prosperity does not always keep pace with his patriotic devotion to public affairs; and as fraudulent transactions have their downs as well as ups; the major was occasionally under a cloud. Hence, just now, Mrs. Pawkins kept a boarding-house, and Major Pawkins rather "loafed" his time away, than otherwise.

"You have come to visit our country, sir, at a season of great commercial depression," said the major.

"At an alarming crisis," said the colonel.

"At a period of unprecedented stagnation," said Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"I am sorry to hear that," returned Martin. "It's not likely to last, I hope?"

Martin knew nothing about America, or he would have known perfectly well that if its individual citizens, to a man, are to be believed, it always *is* depressed, and always *is* stagnated, and always *is* at an alarming crisis, and never was otherwise; though as a body they are ready to make oath upon the Evangelists at any hour of the day or night, that it is the most thriving and prosperous of all countries on the habitable globe.

"It's not likely to last, I hope?" said Martin.

"Well!" returned the major, "I expect we shall get along somehow, and come right in the end."

"We are an elastic country," said the Rowdy Journal.

"We are a young lion," said Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"We have revivifying and vigorous principles within ourselves," observed the major. "Shall we drink a bitter afore dinner, colonel?"

The colonel assenting to this proposal with great alacrity, Major Pawkins proposed an adjournment to a neighbouring bar-room, which, as he observed, was "only in the next block." He then referred Martin to Mrs. Pawkins for all particulars connected with the rate of board and lodging, and informed him that he would have the pleasure of seeing that lady at dinner, which would soon be ready, as the dinner hour was two o'clock, and it only wanted a quarter now. This reminded him that if the bitter were to be taken at all, there was no time to lose; so he walked off without more ado, and left them to follow if they thought proper.

When the major rose from his rocking-chair before the stove and so disturbed the hot air and balmy whiff of soup which fanned their brows, the odour of stale tobacco became so decidedly prevalent as to leave no doubt of its proceeding mainly from that gentleman's attire. Indeed as Martin walked behind him to the bar-room, he could not help thinking that the great square major, in his listlessness and languor, looked very much like a stale weed himself, such as might be hoed out of the public garden with great advantage to the decent growth of that preserve, and tossed on some congenial dunghill.

They encountered more weeds in the bar-room, some of whom (being



thirsty souls as well as dirty) were pretty stale in one sense, and pretty fresh in another. Among them was a gentleman who, as Martin gathered from the conversation that took place over the bitter, started that afternoon for the Far West on a six months' business tour; and who, as his outfit and equipment for this journey, had just such another shiny hat and just such another little pale valise, as had composed the luggage of the gentleman who came from England in the *Screw*.

They were walking back very leisurely; Martin arm-in-arm with Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the major and the colonel side-by-side before them; when, as they came within a house or two of the major's residence, they heard a bell ringing violently. The instant this sound struck upon their ears, the colonel and the major darted off, dashed up the steps and in at the street-door (which stood ajar) like lunatics; while Mr. Jefferson Brick, detaching his arm from Martin's, made a precipitate dive in the same direction, and vanished also.

"Good Heaven!" thought Martin, "the premises are on fire! It was an alarm-bell!"

But there was no smoke to be seen, nor any flame, nor was there any smell of fire. As Martin faltered on the pavement, three more gentlemen, with horror and agitation depicted in their faces, came plunging wildly round the street corner; jostled each other on the steps; struggled for an instant; and rushed into the house in a confused heap of arms and legs. Unable to bear it any longer, Martin followed. Even in his rapid progress, he was run down, thrust aside, and passed, by two more gentlemen, stark mad, as it appeared, with fierce excitement.

"Where is it?" cried Martin, breathlessly, to a negro whom he encountered in the passage.

"In a eatin room sa. 'Kernel sa, him kept a seat 'side himself sa."

"A seat!" cried Martin.

"For a dinna sa."

Martin stared at him for a moment, and burst into a hearty laugh; to which the negro, out of his natural good humour and desire to please, so heartily responded, that his teeth shone like a gleam of light. "You're the pleasantest fellow I have seen yet," said Martin, clapping him on the back, "and give me a better appetite than bitters."

With this sentiment he walked into the dining-room and slipped into a chair next the colonel, which that gentleman (by this time nearly through his dinner) had turned down, in reserve for him, with its back against the table.

It was a numerous company—eighteen or twenty, perhaps. Of these some five or six were ladies, who sat wedged together in a little phalanx by themselves. All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming; very few words were spoken; and everybody seemed to eat his utmost in self-defence, as if a famine were expected to set in before breakfast time to-morrow morning, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. The poultry, which may perhaps be considered to have formed the staple of the entertainment—for there was a turkey at the top, a pair of ducks at the bottom, and two fowls in the middle—disappeared as rapidly as if every bird had had the use of its

wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished; whole cucumbers at once, like sugar-plums; and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see. Dyspeptic individuals bolted their food in wedges; feeding, not themselves, but broods of nightmares, who were continually standing at livery within them. Spare men, with lank and rigid cheeks, came out unsatisfied from the destruction of heavy dishes, and glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry. What Mrs. Pawkins felt each day at dinner-time is hidden from all human knowledge. But she had one comfort. It was very soon over.

When the colonel had finished his dinner, which event took place while Martin, who had sent his plate for some turkey, was waiting to begin, he asked him what he thought of the boarders, who were from all parts of the Union, and whether he would like to know any particulars concerning them.

"Pray," said Martin, "who is that sickly little girl opposite, with the tight round eyes? I don't see anybody here, who looks like her mother, or who seems to have charge of her."

"Do you mean the matron in blue, sir?" asked the colonel, with emphasis. "That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick, sir."

"No, no," said Martin, "I mean the little girl, like a doll—directly opposite."

"Well, sir!" cried the colonel. "*That* is Mrs. Jefferson Brick."

Martin glanced at the colonel's face, but he was quite serious.

"Bless my soul! I suppose there will be a young Brick then, one of these days?" said Martin.

"There are two young Bricks already, sir," returned the colonel.

The matron looked so uncommonly like a child herself, that Martin could not help saying as much. "Yes, sir," returned the colonel, "but some institutions develop human nature: others retard it."

"Jefferson Brick," he observed after a short silence, in commendation of his correspondent, "is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!"

This had passed almost in a whisper, for the distinguished gentleman alluded to, sat on Martin's other hand.

"Pray Mr. Brick," said Martin turning to him, and asking a question more for conversation's sake than from any feeling of interest in its subject, "who is that?" he was going to say "young" but thought it prudent to eschew the word—"that very short gentleman yonder, with the red nose?"

"That is Pro—fessor Mullit, sir," replied Jefferson.

"May I ask what he is Professor of?" asked Martin.

"Of education, sir," said Jefferson Brick.

"A sort of schoolmaster, possibly?" Martin ventured to observe.

"He is a man of fine moral elements, sir, and not commonly endowed," said the war correspondent. "He felt it necessary, at the last election for President, to repudiate and denounce his father, who



voted on the wrong interest. He has since written some powerful pamphlets, under the signature of 'Suturb,' or Brutus reversed. He is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir."

"There seem to be plenty of 'em," thought Martin, "at any rate."

Pursuing his inquiries, Martin found that there were no fewer than four majors present, two colonels, one general and a captain, so that he could not help thinking how strongly officered the American militia must be; and wondering very much whether the officers commanded each other; or if they did not, where on earth the privates came from. There seemed to be no man there without a title: for those who had not attained to military honours were either doctors, professors, or reverends. Three very hard and disagreeable gentlemen were on missions from neighbouring States; one on monetary affairs, one on political, one on sectarian. Among the ladies, there were Mrs. Pawkins, who was very straight, bony, and silent; and a wiry-faced old damsel, who held strong sentiments touching the rights of women, and had diffused the same in lectures; but the rest were strangely devoid of individual traits of character, insomuch that any one of them might have changed minds with the other, and nobody would have found it out. These, by the way, were the only members of the party who did not appear to be among the most remarkable people in the country.

Several of the gentlemen got up, one by one, and walked off as they swallowed their last morsel; pausing generally by the stove for a minute or so to refresh themselves at the brass spittoons. A few sedentary characters, however, remained at table full a quarter of an hour, and did not rise until the ladies rose, when all stood up.

"Where are they going?" asked Martin, in the ear of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"To their bed-rooms, sir."

"Is there no dessert, or other interval of conversation?" asked Martin, who was disposed to enjoy himself after his long voyage.

"We are a busy people here, sir, and have no time for that," was the reply.

So the ladies passed out in single file; Mr. Jefferson Brick and such other married gentlemen as were left, acknowledging the departure of their other halves by a nod; and there was an end of *them*. Martin thought this an uncomfortable custom, but he kept his opinion to himself for the present, being anxious to hear, and inform himself by, the conversation of the busy gentlemen, who now lounged about the stove as if a great weight had been taken off their minds by the withdrawal of the other sex; and who made a plentiful use of the spittoons and their toothpicks.

It was rather barren of interest, to say the truth; and the greater part of it may be summed up in one word—dollars. All their cares, hopes, joys, affections, virtues, and associations, seemed to be melted down into dollars. Whatever the chance contributions that fell into the slow cauldron of their talk, they made the gruel thick and slab with dollars. Men were weighed by their dollars, measures gauged by their dollars; life was auctioneered, appraised, put up, and knocked down for its dollars. The

next respectable thing to dollars was any venture having their attainment for its end. The more of that worthless ballast, honour and fair-dealing, which any man cast overboard from the ship of his Good Name and Good Intent, the more ample stowage-room he had for dollars. Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft. Deface the banner of the nation for an idle rag; pollute it star by star; and cut out stripe by stripe as from the arm of a degraded soldier. Do anything for dollars! What is a flag to *them*!

One who rides at all hazards of limb and life in the chase of a fox, will prefer to ride recklessly at most times. So it was with these gentlemen. He was the greatest patriot, in their eyes, who brawled the loudest, and who cared the least for decency. He was their champion, who in the brutal fury of his own pursuit, could cast no stigma upon them, for the hot knavery of theirs. Thus, Martin learned in the five minutes' straggling talk about the stove, that to carry pistols into legislative assemblies, and swords in sticks, and other such peaceful toys; to seize opponents by the throat, as dogs or rats might do; to bluster, bully, and overbear by personal assailing; were glowing deeds. Not thrusts and stabs at Freedom, striking far deeper into her House of Life than any sultan's scimitar could reach; but rare incense on her altars, having a grateful scent in patriotic nostrils, and curling upward to the seventh heaven of Fame.

Once or twice, when there was a pause, Martin asked such questions as naturally occurred to him, being a stranger, about the national poets, the theatre, literature, and the arts. But the information which these gentlemen were in a condition to give him on such topics, did not extend beyond the effusions of such master-spirits of the time, as Colonel Diver, Mr. Jefferson Brick, and others; renowned, as it appeared, for excellence in the achievement of a peculiar style of broadside-essay called "a screamer."

"We are a busy people, sir," said one of the captains, who was from the West, "and have no time for reading mere notions. We don't mind 'em if they come to us in newspapers along with almighty strong stuff of another sort, but darn your books."

Here the general, who appeared to quite grow faint at the bare thought of reading anything which was neither mercantile nor political, and was not in a newspaper, inquired "if any gentleman would drink some?" Most of the company, considering this a very choice and seasonable idea, lounged out one by one to the bar-room in the next block. Thence they probably went to their stores and counting-houses; thence to the bar-room again, to talk once more of dollars, and enlarge their minds with the perusal and discussion of screamers; and thence each man to snore in the bosom of his own family.

"Which would seem," said Martin, pursuing the current of his own thoughts, "to be the principal recreation they enjoy in common." With that, he fell a-musing again on dollars, demagogues, and bar-rooms; debating within himself whether busy people of this class were really as busy as they claimed to be, or only had an inaptitude for social and domestic pleasure.



It was a difficult question to solve ; and the mere fact of its being strongly presented to his mind by all that he had seen and heard, was not encouraging. He sat down at the deserted board, and becoming more and more despondent, as he thought of all the uncertainties and difficulties of his precarious situation, sighed heavily.

Now, there had been at the dinner-table a middle-aged man with a dark eye and a sunburnt face, who had attracted Martin's attention by having something very engaging and honest in the expression of his features ; but of whom he could learn nothing from either of his neighbours, who seemed to consider him quite beneath their notice. He had taken no part in the conversation round the stove, nor had he gone forth with the rest ; and now, when he heard Martin sigh for the third or fourth time, he interposed with some casual remark, as if he desired, without obtruding himself upon a stranger's notice, to engage him in cheerful conversation if he could. His motive was so obvious, and yet so delicately expressed, that Martin felt really grateful to him, and showed him so, in the manner of his reply.

"I will not ask you," said this gentleman with a smile, as he rose and moved towards him, "how you like my country, for I can quite anticipate your real feeling on that point. But, as I am an American, and consequently bound to begin with a question, I'll ask you how do you like the colonel ?"

"You are so very frank," returned Martin, "that I have no hesitation in saying I don't like him at all. Though I must add that I am beholden to him for his civility in bringing me here—and arranging for my stay, on pretty reasonable terms, by the way," he added : remembering that the colonel had whispered him to that effect, before going out.

"Not much beholden," said the stranger drily. "The colonel occasionally boards packet-ships, I have heard, to glean the latest information for his journal ; and he occasionally brings strangers to board here, I believe, with a view to the little per-centage which attaches to those good offices ; and which the hostess deducts from his weekly bill. I don't offend you, I hope ?" he added, seeing that Martin reddened.

"My dear sir," returned Martin, as they shook hands, "how is that possible ! to tell you the truth, I—am—"

"Yes ?" said the gentleman, sitting down beside him.

"I am rather at a loss, since I must speak plainly," said Martin, getting the better of his hesitation, "to know how this colonel escapes being beaten."

"Well ! He has been beaten once or twice," remarked the gentleman quietly. "He is one of a class of men, in whom our own Franklin, so long ago as ten years before the close of the last century, foresaw our danger and disgrace. Perhaps you don't know that Franklin, in very severe terms, published his opinion that those who were slandered by such fellows as this colonel, having no sufficient remedy in the administration of this country's laws or in the decent and right-minded feeling of its people, were justified in retorting on such public nuisances by means of a stout cudgel ?"

"I was not aware of that," said Martin, "but I am very glad to know

it, and I think it worthy of his memory ; especially"—here he hesitated again.

"Go on," said the other, smiling as if he knew what stuck in Martin's throat.

"Especially," pursued Martin, "as I can already understand that it may have required great courage even in his time to write freely on any question which was not a party one in this very free country."

"Some courage, no doubt," returned his new friend. "Do you think it would require any to do so, now?"

"Indeed I think it would ; and not a little," said Martin.

"You are right. So very right, that I believe no satirist could breathe this air. If another Juvenal or Swift could rise up among us to-morrow, he would be hunted down. If you have any knowledge of our literature, and can give me the name of any man, American born and bred, who has anatomised our follies as a people, and not as this or that party ; and has escaped the foulest and most brutal slander, the most inveterate hatred and intolerant pursuit ; it will be a strange name in my ears, believe me. In some cases I could name to you, where a native writer has ventured on the most harmless and good-humoured illustrations of our vices or defects, it has been found necessary to announce, that in a second edition the passage has been expunged, or altered, or explained away, or patched into praise."

"And how has this been brought about?" asked Martin, in dismay.

"Think of what you have seen and heard to-day, beginning with the colonel," said his friend, "and ask yourself. How *they* came about is another question. Heaven forbid that they should be samples of the intelligence and virtue of America, but they come uppermost ; and in great numbers too ; and too often represent it. Will you walk?"

There was a cordial candour in his manner, and an engaging confidence that it would not be abused ; a manly bearing on his own part, and a simple reliance on the manly faith of a stranger ; which Martin had never seen before. He linked his arm readily in that of the American gentleman, and they walked out together.

It was perhaps to men like this, his new companion, that a traveller of honoured name, who trod those shores now nearly forty years ago, and woke upon that soil, as many have done since, to blots and stains upon its high pretensions, which in the brightness of his distant dreams were lost to view ; appealed in these words—

Oh but for such, Columbia's days were done ;  
Rank without ripeness, quickened without sun,  
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,  
Her fruits would fall before her Spring were o'er !



## CHAPTER XVII.

MARTIN ENLARGES HIS CIRCLE OF ACQUAINTANCE ; INCREASES HIS STOCK OF WISDOM ; AND HAS AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY OF COMPARING HIS OWN EXPERIENCES WITH THOSE OF LUMMY NED OF THE LIGHT SALISBURY, AS RELATED BY HIS FRIEND MR. WILLIAM SIMMONS.

It was characteristic of Martin, that all this while he had either forgotten Mark Tapley as completely as if there had been no such person in existence, or, if for a moment the figure of that gentleman rose before his mental vision, had dismissed it as something by no means of a pressing nature, which might be attended to by-and-by, and could wait his perfect leisure. But being now in the streets again, it occurred to him as just coming within the bare limits of possibility that Mr. Tapley might, in course of time, grow tired of waiting on the threshold of the Rowdy Journal Office ; so he intimated to his new friend, that if they could conveniently walk in that direction, he would be glad to get this piece of business off his mind.

"And speaking of business," said Martin, "may I ask, in order that I may not be behind-hand with questions either, whether your occupation holds you to this city, or, like myself, you are a visitor here?"

"A visitor," replied his friend. "I was 'raised' in the State of Massachusetts, and reside there still. My home is in a quiet country town. I am not often in these busy places ; and my inclination to visit them does not increase with our better acquaintance, I assure you."

"You have been abroad?" asked Martin.

"Oh yes."

"And, like most people who travel, have become more than ever attached to your home and native country," said Martin, eyeing him curiously.

"To my home—yes," rejoined his friend. "To my native country as my home—yes, also."

"You imply some reservation," said Martin.

"Well," returned his new friend, "if you ask me whether I came back here with a greater relish for my country's faults ; with a greater fondness for those who claim (at the rate of so many dollars a day) to be her friends ; with a cooler indifference to the growth of principles among us in respect of public matters and of private dealings between man and man, the advocacy of which, beyond the foul atmosphere of a criminal trial, would disgrace your own Old Bailey lawyers ; why, then I answer plainly, No."

"Oh!" said Martin ; in so exactly the same key as his friend's No, that it sounded like an echo.

"If you ask me," his companion pursued, "whether I came back here better satisfied with a state of things which broadly divides society into two classes—whereof one, the great mass, asserts a spurious independence, most miserably dependent for its mean existence on the disregard of

humanizing conventionalities of manner and social custom, so that the coarser a man is, the more distinctly it shall appeal to his taste ; while the other, disgusted with the low standard thus set up and made adaptable to everything, takes refuge among the graces and refinements it can bring to bear on private life, and leaves the public weal to such fortune as may betide it in the press and uproar of a general scramble—then again I answer, No.”

And again Martin said “Oh !” in the same odd way as before, being anxious and disconcerted ; not so much, to say the truth, on public grounds, as with reference to the fading prospects of domestic architecture.

“In a word,” resumed the other, “I do not find and cannot believe, and therefore will not allow that we are a model of wisdom, and an example to the world, and the perfection of human reason ; and a great deal more to the same purpose, which you may hear any hour in the day ; simply because we began our political life with two inestimable advantages.”

“What were they ?” asked Martin.

“One, that our history commenced at so late a period as to escape the ages of bloodshed and cruelty through which other nations have passed ; and so had all the light of their probation, and none of its darkness. The other, that we have a vast territory, and not—as yet—too many people on it. These facts considered, we have done little enough, I think.”

“Education ?” suggested Martin, faintly.

“Pretty well on that head,” said the other, shrugging his shoulders, “still no mighty matter to boast of ; for old countries, and despotic countries too, have done as much, if not more, and made less noise about it. We shine out brightly in comparison with England, certainly, but hers is a very extreme case. You complimented me on my frankness, you know,” he added, laughing.

“Oh ! I am not at all astonished at your speaking thus openly when my country is in question,” returned Martin. “It is your plain-speaking in reference to your own that surprises me.”

“You will not find it a scarce quality here, I assure you, saving among the Colonel Divers, and Jefferson Bricks, and Major Pawkinses—though the best of us are something like the man in Goldsmith’s Comedy, who wouldn’t suffer anybody but himself to abuse his master. Come !” he added, “let us talk of something else. You have come here on some design of improving your fortune, I dare say ; and I should grieve to put you out of heart. I am some years older than you, besides ; and may, on a few trivial points, advise you, perhaps.”

There was not the least curiosity or impertinence in the manner of this offer, which was open-hearted, unaffected, and good-natured. As it was next to impossible that he should not have his confidence awakened by a deportment so prepossessing and kind, Martin plainly stated what had brought him into those parts, and even made the very difficult avowal that he was poor. He did not say how poor, it must be admitted, rather throwing off the declaration with an air which might have



implied that he had money enough for six months, instead of as many weeks ; but poor he said he was, and grateful he said he would be, for any counsel that his friend would give him.

It would not have been very difficult for any one to see ; but it was particularly easy for Martin, whose perceptions were sharpened by his circumstances, to discern ; that the stranger's face grew infinitely longer as the domestic-architecture project was developed. Nor, although he made a great effort to be as encouraging as possible, could he prevent his head from shaking once involuntarily, as if it said in the vulgar tongue, upon its own account, "No go !" But he spoke in a cheerful tone, and said, that although there was no such opening as Martin wished in that city, he would make it matter of immediate consideration and enquiry where one was most likely to exist ; and then he made Martin acquainted with his name, which was Bevan ; and with his profession, which was physio, though he seldom or never practised ; and with other circumstances connected with himself and family, which fully occupied the time, until they reached the Rowdy Journal Office.

Mr. Tapley appeared to be taking his ease on the landing of the first-floor ; for sounds as of some gentleman established in that region, whistling "Rule Britannia" with all his might and main, greeted their ears before they reached the house. On ascending to the spot from whence this music proceeded, they found him recumbent in the midst of a fortification of luggage, apparently performing his national anthem for the gratification of a grey-haired black man, who sat on one of the outworks (a portmanteau), staring intently at Mark, while Mark, with his head reclining on his hand, returned the compliment in a thoughtful manner, and whistled all the time. He seemed to have recently dined, for his knife, a case-bottle, and certain broken meats in a handkerchief, lay near at hand. He had employed a portion of his leisure in the decoration of the Rowdy Journal door, whereon his own initials now appeared in letters nearly half a foot long, together with the day of the month in smaller type : the whole surrounded by an ornamental border, and looking very fresh and bold.

"I was a'most afraid you was lost, sir !" cried Mark, rising, and stopping the tune at that point where Britons generally are supposed to declare (when it is whistled) that they never, never, never,—

"Nothing gone wrong, I hope, sir."

"No, Mark. Where's your friend ?"

"The mad woman, sir ?" said Mr. Tapley. "Oh ! she's all right, sir."

"Did she find her husband ?"

"Yes, sir. Least ways she's found his remains," said Mark correcting himself.

"The man's not dead, I hope ?"

"Not altogether dead, sir," returned Mark ; "but he's had more fevers and agues than is quite reconcilable with being alive. When she didn't see him a waiting for her, I thought she'd have died herself, I did !"

"Was he not here, then !"

"He wasn't here. There was a feeble old shadow come a creeping

down at last, as much like his substance when she know'd him, as your shadow when it's drawn out to its very finest and longest by the sun, is like you. But it was his remains, there's no doubt about that. She took on with joy, poor thing, as much as if it had been all of him!"

"Had he bought land?" asked Mr. Bevan.

"Ah! He'd bought land," said Mark, shaking his head, "and paid for it too. Every sort of nateral advantage was connected with it, the agents said; and there certainly was *one*, quite unlimited. No end to the water!"

"It's a thing he couldn't have done without, I suppose," observed Martin, peevishly.

"Certainly not, sir. There it was, any way; always turned on, and no water-rate. Independent of three or four slimy old rivers close by, it varied on the farm from four to six foot deep in the dry season. He couldn't say how deep it was in the rainy time, for he never had anything long enough to sound it with."

"Is this true?" asked Martin of his companion.

"Extremely probable," he answered. "Some Mississippi or Missouri lot, I dare say."

"However," pursued Mark, "he came from I-don't-know-where-and-all, down to New York here to meet his wife and children; and they started off again in a steamboat this blessed afternoon, as happy to be along with each other, as if they was going to Heaven. I should think they was, pretty straight, if I may judge from the poor man's looks."

"And may I ask," said Martin, glancing, but not with any displeasure, from Mark to the negro, "who this gentleman is? Another friend of yours?"

"Why, sir," returned Mark, taking him aside, and speaking confidentially in his ear, "he's a man of color, sir."

"Do you take me for a blind man," asked Martin, somewhat impatiently, "that you think it necessary to tell me that, when his face is the blackest that ever was seen?"

"No, no; when I say a man of color," returned Mark, "I mean that he's been one of them as there's picters of in the shops. A man and a brother, you know, sir," said Mr. Tapley, favoring his master with a significant indication of the figure so often represented in tracts and cheap prints.

"A slave!" cried Martin, in a whisper.

"Ah!" said Mark in the same tone. "Nothing else. A slave. Why, when that there man was young—don't look at him, while I'm a telling it—he was shot in the leg; gashed in the arm; scored in his live limbs, like pork; beaten out of shape; had his neck galled with an iron collar, and wore iron rings upon his wrists and ancles. The marks are on him to this day. When I was having my dinner just now, he stripped off his coat, and took away my appetite."

"Is *this* true?" asked Martin of his friend, who stood beside them.

"I have no reason to doubt it," he answered, looking down, and shaking his head. "It very often is."



"Bless you," said Mark, "I know it is, from hearing his whole story. That master died; so did his second master from having his head cut open with a hatchet by another slave, who, when he'd done it, went and drowned himself: then he got a better one: in years and years he saved up a little money, and bought his freedom, which he got pretty cheap at last, on account of his strength being nearly gone, and he being ill. Then he come here. And now he's a saving up to treat himself afore he dies to one small purchase—it's nothing to speak of; only his own daughter; that's all!" cried Mr. Tapley, becoming excited. "Liberty for ever! Hurrah!"

"Hush!" cried Martin, clapping his hand upon his mouth: "and don't be an idiot. What is he doing here?"

"Waiting to take our luggage off upon a truck," said Mark. "He'd have come for it by-and-by, but I engaged him for a very reasonable charge—out of my own pocket—to sit along with me and make me jolly; and I *am* jolly; and if I was rich enough to contract with him to wait upon me once a day, to be looked at, I'd never be anything else."

The fact may cause a solemn impeachment of Mark's veracity, but it must be admitted nevertheless, that there was that in his face and manner at the moment, which militated strongly against this emphatic declaration of his state of mind.

"Lord love you, sir," he added, "they're so fond of Liberty in this part of the globe, that they buy her and sell her and carry her to market with 'em. They've such a passion for Liberty, that they can't help taking liberties with her. That's what it's owing to."

"Very well," said Martin, wishing to change the theme. "Having come to that conclusion, Mark, perhaps you'll attend to me. The place to which the luggage is to go, is printed on this card. Mrs. Pawkins's Boarding House."

"Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house," repeated Mark. "Now, Cicero."

"Is that his name?" asked Martin.

"That's his name, sir," rejoined Mark. And the negro grinning assent from under a leathern portmanteau, than which his own face was many shades deeper, hobbled down stairs with his portion of their worldly goods: Mark Tapley having already gone before with his share.

Martin and his friend followed them to the door below, and were about to pursue their walk, when the latter stopped, and asked, with some hesitation, whether that young man was to be trusted.

"Mark! Oh certainly! with anything."

"You don't understand me,—I think he had better go with us. He is an honest fellow, and speaks his mind so very plainly."

"Why, the fact is," said Martin smiling, "that being unaccustomed to a free republic, he is used to do so."

"I think he had better go with us," returned the other. "He may get into some trouble otherwise. This is not a slave State; but I am ashamed to say that the spirit of Tolerance is not so common anywhere in these latitudes as the form. We are not remarkable for behaving very temperately to each other when we differ: but to strangers! no, I really think he had better go with us."

Martin called to him immediately to be of their party ; so Cicero and the truck went one way ; and they three went another.

They walked about the city for two or three hours ; seeing it from the best points of view, and pausing in the principal streets, and before such public buildings as Mr. Bevan pointed out. Night then coming on apace, Martin proposed that they should adjourn to Mrs. Pawkins's establishment for coffee ; but in this he was overruled by his new acquaintance, who seemed to have set his heart on carrying him, though it were only for an hour, to the house of a friend of his who lived hard by. Feeling (however disinclined he was, being weary) that it would be in bad taste, and not very gracious, to object that he was un-introduced, when this open-hearted gentleman was so ready to be his sponsor, Martin—for once in his life, at all events—sacrificed his own will and pleasure to the wishes of another, and consented with a fair grace. So travelling had done him that much good, already.

Mr. Bevan knocked at the door of a very neat house of moderate size, from the parlour windows of which, lights were shining brightly into the now dark street. It was quickly opened by a man with such a thoroughly Irish face, that it seemed as if he ought, as a matter of right and principle, to be in rags, and could have no sort of business to be looking cheerfully at anybody out of a whole suit of clothes.

Commending Mark to the care of this phenomenon—for such he may be said to have been in Martin's eyes—Mr. Bevan led the way into the room which had shed its cheerfulness upon the street, to whose occupants he introduced Mr. Chuzzlewit as a gentleman from England, whose acquaintance he had recently had the pleasure to make. They gave him welcome in all courtesy and politeness ; and in less than five minutes' time he found himself sitting very much at his ease, by the fireside, and becoming vastly well acquainted with the whole family.

There were two young ladies—one eighteen ; the other twenty—both very slender, but very pretty ; their mother, who looked, as Martin thought, much older and more faded than she ought to have looked ; and their grandmother, a little sharp-eyed, quick old woman, who seemed to have got past that stage, and to have come all right again. Besides these, there were the young ladies' father, and the young ladies' brother ; the first engaged in mercantile affairs ; the second, a student at college—both, in a certain cordiality of manner, like his own friend ; and not unlike him in face, which was no great wonder, for it soon appeared that he was their near relation. Martin could not help tracing the family pedigree from the two young ladies, because they were foremost in his thoughts : not only from being, as aforesaid, very pretty, but by reason of their wearing miraculously small shoes, and the thinnest possible silk stockings : the which their rocking-chairs developed to a distracting extent.

There is no doubt that it was a monstrous comfortable circumstance to be sitting in a snug well-furnished room, warmed by a cheerful fire, and full of various pleasant decorations, including four small shoes, and the like amount of silk stockings, and — yes, why not ?—the feet and legs therein enshrined. And there is no doubt that Martin was



monstrous well-disposed to regard his position in that light, after his recent experience of the Screw, and of Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house. The consequence was, that he made himself very agreeable indeed; and by the time the tea and coffee arrived (with sweet preserves, and cunning teacakes in its train), was in a highly genial state, and much esteemed by the whole family.

Another delightful circumstance turned up before the first cup of tea was drunk. The whole family had been in England. There was a pleasant thing! But Martin was not quite so glad of this, when he found that they knew all the great dukes, lords, viscounts, marquesses, duchesses, knights, and baronets, quite affectionately, and were beyond everything interested in the least particular concerning them. However, when they asked after the wearer of this or that coronet, and said 'Was he quite well?' Martin answered 'Yes, oh yes. Never better;' and when they said his Lordship's mother, 'the Duchess, was she much changed?' Martin said, 'Oh dear no, they would know her anywhere if they saw her to-morrow;' and so got on pretty well. In like manner when the young ladies questioned him touching the Gold Fish in that Grecian fountain in such and such a nobleman's conservatory, and whether there were as many as there used to be, he gravely reported, after mature consideration, that there must be at least twice as many: and as to the exotics, 'Oh! well! it was of no use talking about *them*; they must be seen to be believed;' which improved state of circumstances reminded the family of the splendour of that brilliant festival (comprehending the whole British Peerage and Court Calendar) to which they were specially invited, and which indeed had been partly given in their honour: and recollections of what Mr. Norris the father had said to the Marquess, and of what Mrs. Norris the mother had said to the Marchioness, and of what the Marquess and Marchioness had both said, when they said that upon their words and honours they wished Mr. Norris the father and Mrs. Norris the mother, and the Misses Norris the daughters, and Mr. Norris Junior, the son, would only take up their permanent residence in England, and give them the pleasure of their everlasting friendship, occupied a very considerable time.

Martin thought it rather strange, and in some sort inconsistent, that during the whole of these narrations, and in the very meridian of their enjoyment thereof, both Mr. Norris the father, and Mr. Norris Junior, the son (who corresponded, every post, with four members of the English Peerage), enlarged upon the inestimable advantage of having no such arbitrary distinctions in that enlightened land, where there were no noblemen but nature's noblemen, and all society was based on one broad level of brotherly love and natural equality. Indeed Mr. Norris the father gradually expanding into an oration on this swelling theme was becoming tedious, when Mr. Bevan diverted his thoughts, by happening to make some casual inquiry relative to the occupier of the next house; in reply to which, this same Mr. Norris the father observed, that "that person entertained religious opinions of which he couldn't approve; and therefore he hadn't the honour of knowing the gentleman." Mrs. Norris the mother added another reason of her own, the same in effect, but

varying in words ; to wit, that she believed the people were well enough in their way, but they were not genteel.

Another little trait came out, which impressed itself on Martin forcibly. Mr. Bevan told them about Mark and the negro, and then it appeared that all the Norrises were abolitionists. It was a great relief to hear this, and Martin was so much encouraged on finding himself in such company, that he expressed his sympathy with the oppressed and wretched blacks. Now, one of the young ladies—the prettiest and most delicate one—was mightily amused at the earnestness with which he spoke ; and on his craving leave to ask her why, was quite unable for a time to speak for laughing. As soon however as she could, she told him that the negroes were such a funny people ; so excessively ludicrous in their manners and appearance ; that it was wholly impossible for those who knew them well, to associate any serious ideas with such a very absurd part of the creation. Mr. Norris the father, and Mrs. Norris the mother, and Miss Norris the sister, and Mr. Norris Junior the brother, and even Mrs. Norris Senior the grandmother, were all of this opinion, and laid it down as an absolute matter of fact—as if there were nothing in suffering and slavery grim enough to cast a solemn air on any human animal ; though it were as ridiculous, physically, as the most grotesque of apes ; or, morally, as the mildest Nimrod among tuft-hunting republicans !

“In short,” said Mr. Norris the father, settling the question comfortably, “there is a natural antipathy between the races.”

“Extending,” said Martin’s friend, in a low voice, “to the cruellest of tortures, and the bargain and sale of unborn generations.”

Mr. Norris the son said nothing, but he made a wry face, and dusted his fingers as Hamlet might after getting rid of Yorick’s skull : just as though he had that moment touched a negro, and some of the black had come off upon his hands.

In order that their talk might fall again into its former pleasant channel, Martin dropped the subject, with a shrewd suspicion that it would be a dangerous theme to revive under the best of circumstances : and again addressed himself to the young ladies, who were very gorgeously attired in very beautiful colours, and had every article of dress on the same extensive scale as the little shoes and the thin silk stockings. This suggested to him that they were great proficient in the French fashions, which soon turned out to be the case, for though their information appeared to be none of the newest, it was very extensive : and the eldest sister in particular, who was distinguished by a talent for metaphysics, the laws of hydraulic pressure, and the rights of human kind, had a novel way of combining these acquirements and bringing them to bear on any subject from Millinery to the Millennium, both inclusive : which was at once improving and remarkable,—so much so, in short, that it was usually observed to reduce foreigners to a state of temporary insanity in five minutes.

Martin felt his reason going ; and as a means of saving himself, besought the other sister (seeing a piano in the room) to sing. With this request she willingly complied ; and a bravura concert, solely sus-



tained by the Misses Norris, presently began. They sang in all languages except their own. German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swiss ; but nothing native ; nothing so low as native. For in this respect languages are like many other travellers—ordinary and common-place enough at home, but 'specially genteel abroad.

There is little doubt that in course of time the Misses Norris would have come to Hebrew, if they had not been interrupted by an announcement from the Irishman, who flinging open the door, cried in a loud voice—

“Jiniral Fladdock !”

“My !” cried the sisters, desisting suddenly. “The General come back !”

As they made the exclamation, the General, attired in full uniform for a ball, came darting in with such precipitancy that, hitching his boot in the carpet, and getting his sword between his legs, he came down headlong, and presented a curious little bald place on the crown of his head to the eyes of the astonished company. Nor was this the worst of it ; for being rather corpulent and very tight, the General, being down, could not get up again, but lay there, writhing and doing such things with his boots, as there is no other instance of in military history.

Of course there was an immediate rush to his assistance ; and the General was promptly raised. But his uniform was so fearfully and wonderfully made that he came up stiff and without a bend in him, like a dead Clown, and had no command whatever of himself until he was put quite flat upon the soles of his feet, when he became animated as by a miracle, and moving edgewise that he might go in a narrower compass and be in less danger of fraying the gold lace on his epaulettes by brushing them against anything, advanced with a smiling visage to salute the lady of the house.

To be sure, it would have been impossible for the family to testify purer delight and joy than at this unlooked-for appearance of General Fladdock ! The General was as warmly received as if New York had been in a state of siege and no other General was to be got, for love or money. He shook hands with the Norrises three times all round, and then reviewed them from a little distance as a brave commander might, with his ample cloak drawn forward over the right shoulder and thrown back upon the left side to reveal his manly breast.

“And do I then,” cried the General, “once again behold the choicest spirits of my country !”

“Yes,” said Mr. Norris the father. “Here we are, General.”

Then all the Norrises pressed round the General, inquiring how and where he had been since the date of his last letter, and how he had enjoyed himself in foreign parts, and, particularly and above all, to what extent he had become acquainted with the great dukes, lords, viscounts, marquesses, duchesses, knights, and baronets, in whom the people of those benighted countries had delight.

“Well then, don’t ask me,” said the General, holding up his hand. “I was among ’em all the time, and have got public journals in my trunk with my name printed”—he lowered his voice and was very

impressive here—"among the fashionable news. But, oh the conventionalities of that a-mazing Europe!"

"Ah!" cried Mr. Norris the father, giving his head a melancholy shake, and looking towards Martin as though he would say, "I can't deny it, sir. I would if I could."

"The limited diffusion of a moral sense in that country!" exclaimed the General. "The absence of a moral dignity in man!"

"Ah!" sighed all the Norrises, quite overwhelmed with despondency.

"I couldn't have realised it," pursued the General, "without being located on the spot. Norris, your imagination is the imagination of a strong man, but *you* couldn't have realised it, without being located on the spot?"

"Never," said Mr. Norris.

"The exclusiveness, the pride, the form, the ceremony," exclaimed the General, emphasizing the article more vigorously at every repetition. "The artificial barriers set up between man and man; the division of the human race into court cards and plain cards, of every denomination, into clubs, diamonds, spades—anything but hearts!"

"Ah!" cried the whole family. "Too true, General!"

"But stay!" cried Mr. Norris the father, taking him by the arm. "Surely you crossed in the Screw, General?"

"Well! so I did," was the reply.

"Possible!" cried the young ladies. "Only think!"

The General seemed at a loss to understand why his having come home in the Screw should occasion such a sensation, nor did he seem at all clearer on the subject when Mr. Norris, introducing him to Martin, said—

"A fellow-passenger of yours, I think?"

"Of mine!" exclaimed the General; "No!"

He had never seen Martin, but Martin had seen him, and recognised him, now that they stood face to face, as the gentleman who had stuck his hands in his pockets towards the end of the voyage, and walked the deck with his nostrils dilated.

Everybody looked at Martin. There was no help for it. The truth must out.

"I came over in the same ship as the General," said Martin, "but not in the same cabin. It being necessary for me to observe strict economy, I took my passage in the steerage."

If the General had been carried up bodily to a loaded cannon, and required to let it off that moment, he could not have been in a state of greater consternation than when he heard these words. He, Fladdock,—Fladdock in full militia uniform, Fladdock the General, Fladdock the caressed of foreign noblemen,—expected to know a fellow who had come over in the steerage of a line-of-packet ship, at a cost of four pound ten! and meeting that fellow in the very sanctuary of New York fashion, and nestling in the bosom of the New York aristocracy! He almost laid his hand upon his sword.

A death-like stillness fell upon the Norrises. If this story should get wind, their country relation had, by his imprudence, for ever disgraced



them. They were the bright particular stars of an exalted New York sphere. There were other fashionable spheres above them, and other fashionable spheres below, and none of the stars in any one of these spheres had anything to say to the stars in any other of these spheres. But, through all the spheres it would go forth, that the Norrises, deceived by gentlemanly manners and appearances, had, falling from their high estate, "received" a dollarless and unknown man. O guardian eagle of the pure Republic, had they lived for this!

"You will allow me," said Martin, after a terrible silence, "to take my leave. I feel that I am the cause of at least as much embarrassment here, as I have brought upon myself. But I am bound, before I go, to exonerate this gentleman, who, in introducing me to such society, was quite ignorant of my unworthiness, I assure you."

With that he made his bow to the Norrises, and walked out like a man of snow, very cool externally, but pretty hot within.

"Come, come," said Mr. Norris the father, looking with a pale face on the assembled circle as Martin closed the door, "the young man has this night beheld a refinement of social manner, and an easy magnificence of social decoration, to which he is a stranger in his own country. Let us hope it may awake a moral sense within him."

If that peculiarly transatlantic article, a moral sense,—for if native statesmen, orators, and pamphleteers, are to be believed, America quite monopolizes the commodity,—if that peculiarly transatlantic article be supposed to include a benevolent love of all mankind, certainly Martin's would have borne just then a deal of waking: for as he strode along the street, with Mark at his heels, his immoral sense was in active operation; prompting him to the utterance of some rather sanguinary remarks, which it was well for his own credit that nobody overheard. He had so far cooled down however, that he had begun to laugh at the recollection of these incidents, when he heard another step behind him, and turning round encountered his friend Bevan, quite out of breath.

He drew his arm through Martin's, and entreating him to walk slowly, was silent for some minutes. At length he said:

"I hope you exonerate me in another sense?"

"How do you mean?" asked Martin.

"I hope you acquit me of intending or foreseeing the termination of our visit. But I scarcely need ask you that."

"Scarcely indeed," said Martin. "I am the more beholden to you for your kindness, when I find what kind of stuff the good citizens here are made of."

"I reckon," his friend returned, "that they are made of pretty much the same stuff as other folks, if they would but own it, and not set up on false pretences."

"In good faith, that's true," said Martin.

"I dare say," resumed his friend, "you might have such a scene as that in an English comedy, and not detect any gross improbability or anomaly in the matter of it?"

"Yes indeed!"

"Doubtless it is more ridiculous here than anywhere else," said his

companion ; "but our professions are to blame for that. So far as I myself am concerned, I may add that I was perfectly aware from the first that you came over in the steerage, for I had seen the list of passengers, and knew it did not comprise your name."

"I feel more obliged to you than before," said Martin.

"Norris is a very good fellow in his way," observed Mr. Bevan.

"Is he?" said Martin drily.

"Oh yes! there are a hundred good points about him. If you or anybody else addressed him as another order of being, and sued to him *in formá pauperis*, he would be all kindness and consideration."

"I needn't have travelled three thousand miles from home to find such a character as *that*," said Martin. Neither he nor his friend said anything more on the way back; each appearing to find sufficient occupation in his own thoughts.

The tea, or the supper, or whatever else they called the evening meal, was over when they reached the Major's; but the cloth, ornamented with a few additional smears and stains, was still upon the table. At one end of the board Mrs. Jefferson Brick and two other ladies were drinking tea—out of the ordinary course, evidently, for they were bonneted and shawled, and seemed to have just come home. By the light of three flaring candles of different lengths, in as many candlesticks of different patterns, the room showed to almost as little advantage as in broad day.

These ladies were all three talking together in a very loud tone when Martin and his friend entered; but, seeing those gentlemen, they stopped directly, and became excessively genteel, not to say frosty. As they went on to exchange some few remarks in whispers, the very water in the tea-pot might have fallen twenty degrees in temperature beneath their chilling coldness.

"Have you been to meeting, Mrs. Brick?" asked Martin's friend, with something of a roguish twinkle in his eye.

"To lecture, sir."

"I beg your pardon. I forgot. You don't go to meeting, I think?"

Here the lady on the right of Mrs. Brick gave a pious cough, as much as to say "*I do!*"—as, indeed, she did, nearly every night in the week.

"A good discourse, ma'am?" asked Mr. Bevan, addressing this lady.

The lady raised her eyes in a pious manner, and answered "Yes." She had been much comforted by some good, strong, peppery doctrine, which satisfactorily disposed of all her friends and acquaintances, and quite settled *their* business. Her bonnet, too, had far outshone every bonnet in the congregation: so she was tranquil on all accounts.

"What course of lectures are you attending now, ma'am?" said Martin's friend, turning again to Mrs. Brick.

"The Philosophy of the Soul—on Wednesdays."

"On Mondays?"

"The Philosophy of Crime."

"On Fridays?"

"The Philosophy of Vegetables."

"You have forgotten Thursdays—the Philosophy of Government, my dear," observed the third lady.



"No," said Mrs. Brick. "That's Tuesdays."

"So it is!" cried the lady. "The Philosophy of Matter on Thursdays, of course."

"You see, Mr. Chuzzlewit, our ladies are fully employed," said Bevan.

"Indeed you have reason to say so," answered Martin. "Between these very grave pursuits abroad, and family duties at home, their time must be pretty well engrossed."

Martin stopped here, for he saw that the ladies regarded him with no very great favour, though what he had done to deserve the disdainful expression which appeared in their faces he was at a loss to divine. But on their going up stairs to their bed-rooms—which they very soon did—Mr. Bevan informed him that domestic drudgery was far beneath the exalted range of these Philosophers, and that the chances were a hundred to one that neither of the three could perform the easiest woman's work for herself, or make the simplest article of dress for any of her children.

"Though whether they might not be better employed with even such blunt instruments as knitting-needles, than with these edge-tools," he said, "is another question; but I can answer for one thing—they don't often cut themselves. Devotions and lectures are our balls and concerts. They go to these places of resort, as an escape from monotony; look at each other's clothes; and come home again."

"When you say 'home,' do you mean a house like this?"

"Very often. But I see you are tired to death, and will wish you good night. We will discuss your projects in the morning. You cannot but feel already that it is useless staying here, with any hope of advancing them. You will have to go farther."

"And to fare worse?" said Martin, pursuing the old adage.

"Well, I hope not. But sufficient for the day, you know—Good night!"

They shook hands heartily, and separated. As soon as Martin was left alone, the excitement of novelty and change which had sustained him through all the fatigues of the day, departed; and he felt so thoroughly dejected and worn out, that he even lacked the energy to crawl up stairs to bed.

In twelve or fifteen hours, how great a change had fallen on his hopes and sanguine plans! New and strange as he was to the ground on which he stood, and to the air he breathed, he could not—recalling all that he had crowded into that one day—but entertain a strong misgiving that his enterprise was doomed. Rash and ill-considered as it had often looked on ship-board, but had never seemed on shore, it wore a dismal aspect now that frightened him. Whatever thoughts he called up to his aid, they came upon him in depressing and discouraging shapes, and gave him no relief. Even the diamonds on his finger sparkled with the brightness of tears, and had no ray of hope in all their brilliant lustre.

He continued to sit in gloomy rumination by the stove—unmindful of the boarders who dropped in one by one from their stores and counting-houses, or the neighbouring bar-rooms, and after taking long pulls from

a great white water-jug upon the sideboard, and lingering with a kind of hideous fascination near the brass spittoons, lounged heavily to bed—until at length Mark Tapley came and shook him by the arm, supposing him asleep.

“Mark!” he cried, starting.

“All right, sir,” said that cheerful follower, snuffing with his fingers the candle he bore. “It ain’t a very large bed, your’n, sir; and a man as wasn’t thirsty might drink, afore breakfast, all the water you’ve got to wash in, and afterwards eat the towel. But you’ll sleep without rocking to-night, sir.”

“I feel as if the house were on the sea,” said Martin, staggering when he rose; “and am utterly wretched.”

“I’m as jolly as a sandboy, myself, sir,” said Mark. “But, Lord, I have reason to be! I ought to have been born here; that’s my opinion. Take care how you go”—for they were now ascending the stairs. “You recollect the gentleman aboard the Screw as had the very small trunk, sir?”

“The valise? Yes.”

“Well, sir, there’s been a delivery of clean clothes from the wash to-night, and they’re put outside the bed-room doors here. If you take notice as we go up, what a very few shirts there are, and what a many fronts, you’ll penetrate the mystery of his packing.”

But Martin was too weary and despondent to take heed of anything, so had no interest in this discovery. Mr. Tapley, nothing dashed by his indifference, conducted him to the top of the house, and into the bed-chamber prepared for his reception: which was a very little narrow room, with half a window in it; a bedstead like a chest without a lid; two chairs; a piece of carpet, such as shoes are commonly tried upon at a ready-made establishment in England; a little looking-glass nailed against the wall; and a washing-table, with a jug and ewer, that might have been mistaken for a milk-pot and slop-basin.

“I suppose they polish themselves with a dry cloth in this country,” said Mark. “They’ve certainly got a touch of the ‘phoby, sir.”

“I wish you would pull off my boots for me,” said Martin, dropping into one of the chairs. “I am quite knocked up—dead beat, Mark.”

“You won’t say that to-morrow morning, sir,” returned Mr. Tapley; “nor even to-night, sir, when you’ve made a trial of this.” With which he produced a very large tumbler, piled up to the brim with little blocks of clear transparent ice, through which one or two thin slices of lemon, and a golden liquid of delicious appearance, appeared from the still depths below, to the loving eye of the spectator.

“What do you call this?” said Martin.

But Mr. Tapley made no answer: merely plunging a reed into the mixture—which caused a pleasant commotion among the pieces of ice—and signifying by an expressive gesture that it was to be pumped up through that agency by the enraptured drinker.

Martin took the glass, with an astonished look; applied his lips to the reed; and cast up his eyes once in ecstasy. He paused no more until the goblet was drained to the last drop.



"There, sir!" said Mark, taking it from him with a triumphant face; "If ever you should happen to be dead beat again, when I ain't in the way, all you've got to do is, to ask the nearest man to go and fetch a cobbler."

"To go and fetch a cobbler!" repeated Martin.

"This wonderful invention, sir," said Mark, tenderly patting the empty glass, "is called a cobbler. Sherry cobbler when you name it long; cobbler, when you name it short. Now you're equal to having your boots took off, and are, in every particular worth mentioning, another man."

Having delivered himself of this solemn preface, he brought the boot-jack.

"Mind! I am not going to relapse, Mark," said Martin; "but, good Heaven, if we should be left in some wild part of this country without goods or money!"

"Well, sir!" replied the imperturbable Tapley; "from what we've seen already, I don't know whether, under those circumstances, we shouldn't do better in the wild parts than in the tame ones."

"Oh, Tom Pinch, Tom Pinch!" said Martin, in a thoughtful tone; "what would I give to be again beside you, and able to hear your voice, though it were even in the old bed-room at Pecksniff's!"

"Oh, Dragon, Dragon!" echoed Mark cheerfully, "if there warn't any water between you and me, and nothing faint-hearted-like in going back, I don't know that I mightn't say the same. But here am I, Dragon, in New York, America; and there are you in Wiltshire, Europe; and there's a fortune to make, Dragon, and a beautiful young lady to make it for; and whenever you go to see the Monument, Dragon, you mustn't give in on the door-steps, or you'll never get up to the top!"

"Wisely said, Mark," cried Martin. "We must look forward."

"In all the story-books as ever I read, sir, the people as looked backward was turned into stones," replied Mark; "and my opinion always was, that they brought it on themselves, and it served 'em right. I wish you good night, sir, and pleasant dreams!"

"They must be of home, then," said Martin, as he lay down in bed.

"So I say, too," whispered Mark Tapley, when he was out of hearing and in his own room; "for if there don't come a time afore we're well out of this, when there'll be a little more credit in keeping up one's jollity, I'm a United Statesman!"

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## CONTENTS OF PART XXIV.

### No. XCIX.

The Story of a Feather, by Douglas Jerrold—Chap. XX.—A House in Blossom.—I again meet Patty Bury; Punch's Recipes; A very Plaintive Ditty; The Gratuitous Exhibitions of London—Chap. IV.—The Foreign Animals of Regent Street; To the Facetious; A Hint for the "Spec"; Punch's Theatrical Gallery—Mr. Snobbin's of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane; Wanted—some Bishops; Wonderful Instinct; Notice of Motion; Punch's Pencillings—No. LXXX.—The Financial Duncie; Jenkins again, and in a New Capacity; Dreams for the Million; Legal Intelligence; Laurie Out-Lauried; Rather Equivocal; Poetry of the Pavements; Geography and Music; A far-fetched Joke; Fashionable Departure; Dramatic Intelligence; Punch's Labours of Hercules—Chap. III.—The Third Labour—How Hercules captured the Buck of the Brazen Countenance; Fashionable Intelligence; Another Seizure of Foreign Goods; On Ditt; Good News for the Egg-Merchants; Education of the Royal Infants; Punch's Prophecy for the Derby; The Punch Races, &c. &c.

### No. C.

The Story of a Feather, by Douglas Jerrold—Chap. XXI.—Mrs. Crumpet, and Patty Crump, the Card-maker; Punch's Provincial Intelligence; Greenwich; Lord William Lennox—Ode; How to make a Silk Gown; The Gratuitous Exhibitions of London—Chap. VI.—The Lowther ArCADE—Its Economy and Manufactures; Question and Answer; Jenkins at Fault; The Metropolitan Magazine; The Greatest Delicacy of the Season; Sir Valentine Blake's Parliament, Shameful Report!; The King of Hanover and the Egg-Merchants; Groans of the Gloomy; Punch's Pencillings—No. LXXXI.—Smelling a Rat; British Courts of Justice; The Meteorological Society; Punch's Theatrical Gallery; A Grand Review. Important; No Accounting for Taste; London and the Londoners; Punch's Labours of Hercules—Chap. IV.—Labour the Force of—How Hercules destroyed a Great Boar; The Royal Christening Banquet; Parliamentary

Inquiries; Theatrical Intelligence; Extraordinary Novelty; Ascot Races; A Cool Reception; Private and Confidential; Foreign Intelligence; Literary Intelligence; Scientific Intelligence, &c. &c.

### No. CI.

The Story of a Feather, by Douglas Jerrold—Chap. XXII.—An Intruder—A Stolen Watch—Patty in New Affliction; Statesmen of Little Parts; Punch's Prize Comedy, in Five Acts; Post Mortem Examination of a Pier; An Act for the Abolition of Punishment by Tobacco-smoke, on board the River Steamers, and elsewhere; Worthy of Sibthorp; On Ditt; Triumphal Return of the King of Hanover; "Property" at the Police; The Chinese Treaty; Jenkins on Costumes—Quadrilles—and the Opera; Punch's Pencillings—No. LXXXII.—Triumphal Entry into London of the King of Hanover; Unfashionable Arrivals; Royal Patronage; Critical Essay—On Nursery Rhymes; Punch's Friendly Union National Institution; Punch's Labours of Hercules—Labour V.—How Hercules Cleaned the Augean Stables of England; Parliamentary Report; A Decided Fix; Punch's Court Circular; Punch's Provincial Intelligence; Jenkins at Fault Again; Dramatic Intelligence; Marriages in Prospective; A Card, &c. &c.

### No. CII.

The Story of a Feather, by Douglas Jerrold—Chap. XXIII.—A Short Account of a Highwayman—Arrival of Mr. Lindley; Punch's Public Apology to the Duke of Cambridge; Punch's Theatrical Gallery—Mr. and Mrs. Rantwell; The Queen and the Stage; Conundrum; The Gratuitous Exhibitions of London—Chap. VII.—The Outside of Drury Lane Theatre; A Simple Question; Laurie and Lunacy; A Royal Wife of—£3000; A Reflection; Quatrains for Quarter-day; Londoners and Laurels; Another Marriage from St. James's; Hot Intelligence; A Leading Article for an Irish Journal; Her Majesty and Shakspeare; Canonnet of the Crazy; Jenkins in the Press; Hume on Royal Expenditure; Truth is Stranger than Fiction, &c. &c.

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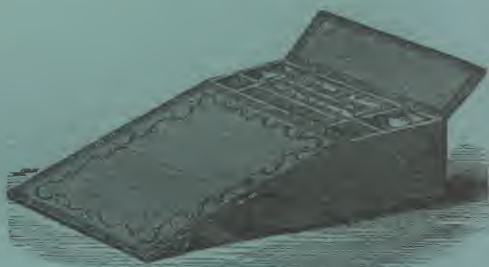
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